SPECIAL NOTICES.

A DVERTISEMENTS FOR THESE COLUMNS will be taken until 12:30 p. m. for the evening and until 8:30 p. m. for the morning and sunday Advertisers, by requesting a numbered check can have their answers addressed to a numbered letter in care of The Bas. Answers so addressed will be derivered upon presentation of the check.

WANTED-MALE HELP.

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B-AGENTS, SALARY OR COMMISSION. THE Spreadest invention of the age. The New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Sells on sight Works like marie. Agents are making \$25.00 to \$125.00 per week. For further particulars write the Monroe Eraser Mfg. Co., X 36, La Croase, Wis. 606

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FOR SALE-MISCELLANEOUS. Hates, liee a word first insertion. In a

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THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND ONLY INCORPORATED LOAN COMPANY IN OMAHA.
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Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per nonth. Nothing taken for less than 25c. Y FOR SALE, A CONTROLLING INTEREST in a state bank located in a good part of Nebraska. Bank has good deposits and a good business. Five to fifteen thousand dollars required satisfactory reasons given for selling, Address Box 274, Omaha. M941 10. Y-WANTED, PARTNER IN A NEW AND very profitable enterprise. No humbur. For particulars address box 8, Alliance, Neb., M971 9*

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No. 1 LOT FOR SALE FOR CASH AT VERY reasonable figures 1331 N. 21st st., contain three cottages. Sidney Allen. 955 6 UNDERTAKERSANDEMBALMERS

Rates, 10c a line each inscriton, \$1.50 a line per nonth. Nothing taken for less then 25c. C. W. BAKER (FORMERLY WITH JONN G. Jacobs, deceased; later with M. O. Maul,) under taker and embalmer; 613 S. 16th st. Tel. 696; H. R. BURKETT, FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND embalmer. 1618 Chicago st. Tel. 90. 634

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Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per north. Nothing taken for less than 25c. MOBAND'S DANCING SCHOOL, 1510 HARNEY MORAND'S DANCING Some thin week Street. The midwinter term begins this week New classes now forming. Children Tuesday 4 p. m. Saturday 10 a. m. or 3 p. m. Adults Tuesday and Thursday 8 p. m. Private lessons daily in all the new dances. Call for terms; 2 halls to 14 M872 J30

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMAN CAN SOON Y acquire a working knowledge of shorthand an typewriting at A. C. Van Sant's school of shorthand, hand, 513 N. Y. Life. Typewriters to rent. 635

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Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per nouth. Nothing taken for less than 25c. J. SONNENBERG, DIAMOND BROKER, 1305 Douglas St. Loans money on diamonds, watches, etc. Old gold and silver bought. Tel. 1558

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Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per nonth. Nothing taken for less than 25c. Horses Wintered, \$3.00 And \$4.00 A Minorth: Address Hopper Bros., Elkhorn, Neb.

LOST.

Rates, 14c a word first insertion, 1ca word there-ifter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. STRAYED, RED COW: RETURN AND GET RE ward. 442 South 24th avenue. M149 8*

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SCALES.

Rates, 10c a line each juscriton, \$1.50 a line per nonth. Nothing taken for less than 25c. NEW AND SECOND HAND SCALES, ALL KINDS Address Borden & Selleck Co., Lake st., Chicago



A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never-failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and cellow a pernament cure, and often resulting in death, unnecessary. Why endure this terrible disease? We guarantee of boxes to cure any case. You only pay for benefits received, \$1 a box, 6 for \$5 by mail. Sample free. Guarantees issued by our agents.

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2.15 pm Overland Flyer.
3.45 pm Beatrice & Stromb & Ex (ex Sun)
6.40 pm Pacific & Spross.
6.30 pm Denver Fass Mail 11.30 am ... Chicago Express lex.Son. Leaves F., E. & MO. VALLEY Omaha Depot 15th and Webster Sts. Omah

eaves | Missoual Pacific, Omaha | Depot 15th and Webster Sts. Soun Shoux City Accommodation 15 pm Sioux City Express the Son 5.45 pm St. Paul Limited 5.45 pm Oakjand Passaurer (Ex. Suc. SIOUX CITY & PACIFY... Depot. 10 and Marcy Sts. SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC Depot, 15th and Webster Sta St. Paul Limited Chicago Limited Comba U. P. Depot, 10th and Marci

.St. Louis Canson Bail | 12.35 pm

UNCLE ETHAN RIPLEY.

Uncle Ethan had a theory that a man's character could be told by the way he sat in a wagon sent. "

"A mean man sets right plumb in the middle o' the seat, as much as to say, Walk, gol darn yeh, who cares?' But a man that sets in one corner o' the seat. much as to say, 'Jump in-cheaper t' ride 'n to walk, ' you can jes tie to."

Uncle Ripley was prejudiced in favor of the stranger, therefore, before he came opposite the potato patch, where the old man was "bugging his vines." The stranger drove a jaded looking pair of called ponies, hitched to a clattering democrat wagon, and he sat on the extreme end of the seat, with the lines in his right hand, while his left hand rested on his thigh, with his little finger gracefully crooked and his elbows akimbo. He were a blue shirt, with gay colored armlets just above the elbows, and his vest hung unbottoned down his lank ribs. It was plain he was well pleased with himself.

As he pulied up and threw one leg over the end of the seat, Uncle Ethan observed that the left spring was much more worn than the other, which proved that it was not accidental, but that it was the driver's habit to sit on that end of the seat. "Good afternoon," said the stranger

pleasantly. "Good afternoon, sir."

"Bugs purty plenty?"
"Pienty enough, I gol! I don't see where they all come fum." "Early Rose?" inquired the man. as it referring to the bugs. "No; Peachblows an' Carter Reds. My

Early Rose is over near the house. The old woman wants 'em near. See the darned things!" he pursued, rapping savagely on the edge of the pan to rattle the bugs back. "How do yeh kill 'en-scald 'em?"

"Mostly. Sometimes I"--piece of oats," yawned the "Good stranger, listlessly. 'That's barley.

"So 'tis. Didn't notice." Uncle Ethan was wondering what the man was. He had some pots of black paint in the wagon, and two or three square boxes. "What do yeh think o' Cleveland's chances for a second term?" continued

the man, as if they had been talking politics all the while. Uncle Ripley scratched his head. "Waal-I dunno-bein' a republican-I

"That's so-it's a purty scaly outlook. I don't believe in second terms myself,' the man hastened to say. "Is that your new barn acrost there?"

pointing with his whip. "Yes, sir, it is," replied the old man. proudly. After years of planning and hard work he managed to erect a little wooden barn, costing possibly \$300. was plain to be seen he took a childish pride in the fact of its newness.

The stranger mused. "A lovely place

for a sign, ' he said as his eyes wandered across its shining yellow broadside. Uncle Ethan stared, unmfndful of the bugs crawling over the edge of his pan. His interest in the pots of paint deepened. "Couldn't think 'o lettin' me paint a

sign on that barn?" the stranger continued, putting his locked hands around one knee, and gazing away across the pig pen at the building. What kind of a sign? Gol darn your skins!" Uncle Ethan pounded the

pan with his paddle and scraped two or three crawling abominations off his leathery wrist. t was a beautiful day, and th the wagon seemed unusually loath to at-tend to business. The tired ponies slept in the shade of the lombardies. The

plain was draped in a warm mist, and shadowed by vast, vaguely defined masses of clouds—a lazy June day. "Dodd's Family Bitters," said the man, waking out of his abstraction with a start, and resuming his working man-ner. "The best bitter in the market." He alluded to it in the singular. "Like to look at it? No trouble to show goods, as the fellah says," he went on hastily,

seeing Uncle Ethan's hesitation. He produced a large bottle of triangu lar shape, like a bottle for pickled onions. It had a red seal on top, and a strenuous caution in red letters on the neck, "None genuine unless 'Dodd's family bitters' is blown in the bottom. "Here's what it cures," pursued the agent, pointing at the side, where, in an

inverted pyramid, the names of several hundred diseases were arranged, running from "gout" to "pulmonary com-"I gol! she cuts a wide swath, don't she?" exclaimed Uncle Ethan, profoundly impressed with the list.

"They ain't no better bitter in the world," said the agent, with a conclusive inflection. "What's its speshy-ality? Most of 'em have some speshy-ality." 'Well-summer complaints-an'-an

spring an' fall troubles-tones ye up, sort of " Uncle Ethan's forgotten pan was empty of his gathered bugs. He was deeply interested in this man. There was something he liked about him. "What does it sell fur?" he asked, after a pause.

"Same price as them cheap medicines -dollar a bottle-big bottles, too. Want "Wal, mother ain't to home, and

don't know as she'd like this kind. ain't been sick i'r years. Still, they's no tellin'," he added, seeing the answer to his objection in the agent's eyes. "Times is pretty close, too, with us, y'see; we've jost built that stable."
"Say, I'll tell yeh what I'll do," said

the stranger, waking up and speaking in a warmly generous tone. "I'll give you ten bottles of the bitter if you'll let me paint a sign on that barn. It won't hurt the barn a bit, and if you want 'o, you can paint it out a year from date. Come, what d've say?

"I guess I hadn't better." The agent thought that Uncle Ethan was after more pay, but in reality he was thinking what his little old wife

"It simply puts a family bitter in your home that may save you \$50 this comin' fall. You can't tell. Foul Just what the man said after that

CRIME IN HIGH PLACES: It is not strange that some people do wrong through ignorance, others from a failure to investigate us to the right or wrong of a matter. But it is strange, that individuals and firms, who are fully aware of the rights of others, will persist in perpetrating frauds upon them High-toned, wealthy manufreturing firms will offer and sell to retail merchants, articles which they know to be infringements on the rights of proprietors, and imitations of well known goods. We want to sound a note of warning to the rotations to beware of such imitations and simulations of "CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS." When they are offered to you, refuse them; you do not want to do wrong, and you don't want to lay yourself liable to a lawsuit. Ben Frankija said "Honesty is the best policy": it is just as true that "Honosty is thebest principle."

Uncle Ethan didn't follow. His voice had a confidential purring sound as he stretched across the wagon seat and talked on, eyes half shut. He straightened up at last, and, concluded in the

tone of one who has carried his point:
"So! If you didn't want to use the
whole twenty-five bottles y'rself, why! sell it to your neighbors. \$20 out of it easy, and still have five bot-tles of the best family bitter that ever went into a bottle.

It was the thought of this opportunity to get a buffaloskin coat that consoled Uncle Ethan as he saw the hideous black letters appearing under the agent's lazy brush.

It was the hot side of the barn, and painting was no light work. The agent was forced to mop his forehead with his

"Say, hain't got a cooky or anything, and a cup o' milk handy?" he said at the end of the first enormous word, which ran the whole length of the barn. Uncle Ethan got him the milk and

cooky, which he ate with an exagger-atedly dainty action of his tingers. scated meanwhile on the staging which Incle Ripley had helped him to build. This lunch infused new energy into him, and in a short time "Dodd's Family Bitters. Best in the Market," disfigured the sweet-smelling pine boards.

Ethan was eating his self-obtained supper of bread and milk when his wife "Who's been a-paintin' on that barn?" she demanded, her beadlike eves flash ing, her withered little face set in an

ominous frown. "Ethan Ripley, what you been doin'?" "Nawthin'," he replied feebly. "Who painted that sign on there?" "A man come along an' he wanted to paint that on there, and I let 'im; and it's my barn, anyway. I guess I can do what I'm a min' to with it," he ended,

defiantly; but his eyes wavered. Mrs. Ripley ignored the defiance. 'What under the sun p'sessed you to do such a thing as that. Ethan Ripley? declare I don't see! You git fooler an' fooler ev'ry day you live, I do believe."

Uncle Ethan attempted a defense. X "Well, he paid me \$25 f'r it, anyway."
"Did 'e?" She was visibly affected by this news.

"Well, anyhow, it amounts to that; he give me twenty-five bottles--Mrs. Ripley sank back in her chair. Well, I swan to Bungay! Ethan, Ripey-wal, you beat all I ever see!" added in despair of expression. "I thought you had some sense left, but you hain't, not one blessed scimpton. Where

s the stuff?" "Down cellar, an' you needn't take on no airs, ol' woman. I've known you to buy things you didn't need time an' time 'n' agin, tins and things, an' I guess you wish you had back that \$10 you paid for that illustrated bible."

"Go 'long an' bring that stuff up here

I never see such a man in my life. It's a wonder that he didn't do it f'r two She glared out at the sign bottles." which faced directly upon the kitchen window. Uncle Ethan tugged the two cases up and set them down on the floor of the kitchen. Mrs. Ripley opened a bottle

It ain't fit for a hog to take. What'd you think you was goin' to do with it?" she asked in poignant disgust. 'I expected to take it-if I was sick. Whaddy ye s'pose?" He defiantly stood his ground towering above her like a

leaning tower.

and smelled of it like a cautious cat.

"Ugh! Merciful sakes, what stuff!

"The hull cartload of it?" "No. I'm going to sell part of it an' git me an overcoat"——
"Sell it!" she shouted. "Nobuddy'll buy that sick'nin' stuff but an old numbskull like yourself. Take that slop right out o' the house this minute! Take it right down to the sinkhole an'

smash every bottle on the stones." cine disappeared, and the old woman addressed her concluding remarks to little Tewksbury, her grandson, who stood timidly on one leg in the doorway, like an intruding pullet Every thing around this place 'ud go to rack an' ruin it I didn't keep a watch

on that soft-pated old dummy. I thought that lightningrod man had given him a lesson he'd remember, but no, he must go and make a reg'lar-She subsided in a tumult of banging pans, which helped her out in the matter of expression and reduced her to a grim sort of quiet. Uncle Ethan went about the house like a convict on ship-

beard. Once she caught him looking out of the winnow. "I should think you'd feel proud o' that." Uncle Ethan had never been sick a day in his life. He was bent and bruised

with never-ending toil, but he had nothing especial the matter with him He did not smash the medicine, as Mrs. Ripley commanded, because he had determined to sell it. The next Sunday morning, after his chores were done, he put on his best coat of faded diagonal, and was brushing his hair in a ridge across the center

narrow head, when Mrs. Ripley came in from feeding the calves. "Where are you goin' now?" -'None o' your business," he replied.
'It's darn funny if I can't stir without
you wantin' to know all about it. Where's Tewky?"

"Feedin' the chickins. You ain't goin to take him off this mornin', now! I don't care where you go. "Who's agoin' to take him off? I ain't said nothin' about takin' him off." "Wall, take y'rself off, an' if y' ain't here f'r dinner, I ain't goin' to get no

Ripley, took a water pail and put four bottles of "the bitter" into it and trudged away up the read with it in a pleasant glow of hope. eemed to declare the day a time to rest, and invited men to disassociate ideas of toil from the rustling green wheat, shining grass, and tossing blooms. Something of the sweetness and buoyanev of all nature permeated the old man's work-calloused body, and he whistled

played on his fiddle. But he found neighbor Johnson to be supplied with another variety of bitter, which was all he needed for the present. He qualified his refusal to buy with a cordial invitations to out and see his shotes, in which he took infinite pride. But Uncle Ripley said: "I guess I'll haf t' be goin': I want to git up to Jennings' be-

fore dinner.

little snatches of the dance tunes he

He couldn't help feeling a little de-pressed when he found Jennings away. The next house along the pleasant lane was inhabited by a "new-comer." was sitting on the horsetrough, helding a horse's halter, while his hired man dashed cold water upon the galled spot on the animal's shoulder. After some preliminary talk Ripley presented his medicine.
"Hell, no! What do I want of such

stuff? When they's anything the matter with me I take a lunkin' of swig of popule-bark and bourbon. That fixes Uncle Ethan moved off up lane. He hardly felt like whistling now. At the next house he set his pail down in the woeds beside the fence and went in without it. Doudney came to the door in his bare feet, buttoning his suspenders over a

clean boiled shirt. He was dressing to

your way. Jest wait a minute an' I'll be ut." When he came out fully dressed Uncle

Ethan grappled him. "Say, what d'you think o' paytent med-"Some of 'em are boss. But y' want 'o know what y're gitt'n'."

"What d' ye think o' Dodd's-" "Hest in the market." Encle Ethan straightened up and hfs face lighted. Doudney went on:

"Yes, sir; best bitter that ever went into a bottle. I know, I've tried it. I don't go much on patent medicines, but when I get a good-'Don't want 'o buy a bottle?" Doudney turned and faced him. "Buy! No. I've got nineteen bottles I want to sell!" Ripley granced up at

Doudney's new granary and there read: 'Dodd's Family Bitters," stricken dumb. Doudney saw it all and "Wal, that's a good one! We two tryin' to sell each other bitters. Ho-- ho ho-har, whoop! wal, this is rich! How

many bottles did you get?" 'None o' your business," said Uncle Ethan, as he turned and made off, while Doudney screamed with merriment. On his way home Uncle Ethan grew asbamed of his burden. Doudney had canvassed the whole neighborhood, and he practically gave up the struggle. Everybody he met seemed determined to

find out what he bad been doing, and at last he began lying about it. "Hello, Uncie Ripley, what y' got there in that pail?"

'Goose eggs f'r settin'." He disposed of one bottle to old Gus Peterson. Gus never paid his debts, and he would only promise 50 cents "on tick" for the bottle, and yet so desperate was Ripley that this quasi sale cheered him up not a little.

As he came down the road, tired, dusty and hungry, he climbed over the fence in order to avoid seeing that sign on the barn, and slunk into the house without looking back.

He couldn't have felt meaner about it if he had allowed a democratic poster to be pasted there.

The evening passed in grim silence. and in sleep he saw that sign wriggling across the side of the barn like boaconstrictors hung on rails. He tried to paint them out, but every time he tried it the man seemed to come back with a sheriff and savagely warned him to let it stay till the year was up. In some mysterious way the agent seemed to know every time he brought out the paint pot and he was no longer the pleasant-voiced individual who drove the

calico ponies. As he stepped out into the yard next morning that abominable, sickening, scrawling advertisement was the first thing that claimed his glance-it blotted out the beauty of the morning. Mrs. Ripley came to the window, buttoning her dress at the throat, a whisp

of her hair sticking assertively from the little knob at the back of her head. "Lovely, ain't it! An' I've got to see it all day long. I can't look out the winder but that thing's right in my face. It seemed to make her savage. hadn't been in such a temper since her visit to New York. "I hope you feel satisfied with it."

Ripley walked off to the barn. His pride

in its clean, sweet newness was gone. He slyly tried the paint to see if it couldn't be scraped off, but it was dried in thoroughly. Whereas, before he had taken delight in having his neighbors turn and look at the building now he kept out of sight whenever he saw a team coming. He hoed corn away in the back of the field when he should have been bugging potatoes by the road-

about it, but she held herself in check for several days. At last she burst 'Ethan Ripley, I can't stand that thing any longer, and I ain't goin' to, that's all! You've got up and paint that thing out or I will. I'm just crazy with

Mrs. Ripley was in a frightful mood

"I don't care what you promised, it's got to be painted out. I got the nightmare now seein' it. I'm goin' to send for a pail o' red paint, and I'm goin' to paint that out if it takes the last breath I've got to do it " "I'll tend to it, mother, if you won't

"But, mother, I promised -"

hurry me-

"I can't stand it another day. It makes me boil every time I look out of the winder." Uncle Ethan hitched up his team and drove gloomily off to town, where he tried to find the agent. He lived in some other part of the county, however, and so the old man gave up and bought

"Goin' to paint y'r new barn?" Inquired the merchant, with friendly interest. Uncle Ethan turned with guilty sharpess, but the merchant's face was grave

a pot of red paint, not daring to go back

to his desperate wife without it.

and kindly. "Yes, I thought I'd touch it up a lit-tle—don't cost much." "It pays-always," the merchant said. emphatically. "Will it-stick jest as well put on

evenings?" inquired Uncle Ethan hesi-"Yes-won't make any difference. Why? Ain't goin' to have-" 'Waal-I kind o' thought I'd do it odd times night and mornin'-kind o' odd

He seemed oddly confused about it and the merchant looked after him axiously as he drove away.

After supper that night he went out

to the barn and Mrs. Ripley heard him sawing and hammering. Then the noise ceased and he came in and sat down in his usual place. "What y' ben makin'?" she inquired. l'ewksbury had gone to bed. She sat

darning a stocking.
"I jest thought I'd git the stagin' ready for paintin'," he said, evasively. 'Wall! I'll be glad when it's covered up," When she got ready for hed he was still scated in a chair, and after she had dozed off two or three times she be gan to wonder why he didn't come. When the clock struck 10 and she real zed that he had not stirred she began a get impatient. "Come, are y' going to sit there all night?" There was no reply. She rose up in bed, and looked about the room. The broad moon flooded it with light, so she could see he was not asleen in his chair, as she had supposed. There was something omnious

in his disappearance. "Ethan! Ethan Ripley, where are yeh?" There was no reply to her sharp call. She rose and distractedly looked about among the furniture, as if he might somehow be a cat and be hiding in a corner somewhere. Then she went ipstairs where the boy sleid, her hard ittle heels making a curious tunking noise on the bare boards. The moon ell across the sleeping boy like a robe of silver. He was alone.

She began to be alarmed. Her eyes widened in fear. All sorts of vague horrors sprang unbidden into her brain. she still had the mist of sleep in he beain.

She harried down the stairs and out nto the fragrant night. The katydids were singing an infinite peace under the solemn splendor of the moon. The cattle sniffed and sighed, jangling their beils now and then, and the chickens in the coops stirred uneasily as if over-heated. The old woman stood there in her bare feet and long nightgown her-"Hello, Ripley! I was just goin'down | ror stricken. The ghastly story of a

man who had hung himself in his barn because his wife deserted him came into her mind and stayed there with frightful persistency. Her throat filled chokingly.

She felt a wild rush of loneliness, She had a sudden realiza-tion of how dear that gaunt old figure was, with its grizzled face and ready smile. Her breath came quick and quicker, and she was at the point of bursting into a wild cry to Tewksbury, when she heard a strange noise. came from the barn, a creaking noise. She looked that way, and saw in the shadowed side a deeper shadow moving to and tro. A revulsion to astonishmen

and anger took place in her.
"Land o' Bungay! If he ain't paintin' that barn, like a perfect old idiot, in the

night. Uncle Ethan, working desperately, did not hear her feet pattering down the path, and was startled by her shrill

"Well, Ethan Ripley, whaddy y' think you're doin' now?" He made two or three slapping passes with the brush, and then snapped, "I'm a-paintin' this barn -whaddy ye s'pose? If ye had eyes y' wouldn't ask.

"Well, you come right straight to bod. What d'you mean by actin' so?' "You go back into the house an' let me be. I know what I'm a doin'. You've pestered me about this sign just about enough." He dabbed his brush to and fro as he spoke. His gaunt figure towered above shadow. His slapping brush had a vic-

lous sound. Neither spoke for some time. length she said, more gently, "Ain't you comin' in?"

"No-not till I get a-ready. You go long an' tend to y'r own business. Don't stan' there an' ketch cold." She moved off slowly toward the house. His voice subdued her. Working alone out there had rendered him savage; he

was not to be pushed any farther.

must not be assaulted. She slipped on her shoes and a shawl, and came back where he was working, and took a seat on a saw-horse.
"I'm a-goin' to sit right here till you come in. Ethan Ripley," she said, in a firm voice, but gentler than usual.

knew by the tone of his voice that he

"Waal, you'll set a good while," was his ungracious reply. But each felt a furtive tenderness for the other. He worked on in silence. The boards creaked heavily as he walked to and fro, and the slapping sound of the paint brush sounded loud in the sweet harmony of the night. The majestic moon swung slowly round the corner of the barn and fell upon the old man's griz zled head and bent shoulders. horses inside could be heard stamping the mosquitoes away, and chewing their

hay in pleasant chorus. The little figure seated on the sawhorse drew the shawl closer about her thin shoulders. Her eyes were in shadow and her hands were wrapped in her shawl. At last she spoke in a curious tone: "Well, I don't know as you was so very much to blame. I didn't want that

Ethan worked on until the full meaning of this unprecedented surrender penetrated his head, and then he throw down his brush. "Waal, I guess I'll let 'er go at that.

bible myself-I held out I did, but I

didn't.

I've covered up the most of it, anyhow. Guess we'd better go in." In Old in Trines. People overlooked the importance of permaneatly beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is

generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed prople will not buy other lixatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

THE SAGE'S GOOD ADV.CE. An American Fable Which Points a Moral in Regard to Love. Once upon a time, writes M. Quad. a

age whose wisdom had made him

famous was stopped on the highway as he traveled about by a first class article of young woman, who said: "Oh, sage, my mind is troubled and I appeal to you for some fatherly advice. 'Use sunflower tea for the complexion!" replied the benign old man, as he patted her golden hair in a grand-

"But it is not my complexion, oh, wise man. There is a youth who says he loves me." "I don't believe him," said the old man, as he winked at the nearest tele. graph pole.
If wish to test his love and make sure

of him before I give him my hand. How

fatherly way.

"Has he offered to jump over a precipice for thee?" "He has. He will precipitate himself at a moment's notice."

"Or throw himself into the river?"

'Yes, he will do that.' "Has he written you a letter in blood t midnight?" "Six of them, oh, sage." "And threatened to commit salelde If on refused him? "He has even bought six kinds of choice poisons, warranted to stand in any climate. Most any girl would be

"Thou hast a father?" queried the sage, as he stroked his long goatee. "I hast," replied the maid "Then let him say auto William next ime that young man appears that if he marries into the family he will be expected to support the old folks in first-

class style and pay up all back debts."

satisfied with these evidences, but I am

not, and I therefore appeal to you."

'And if he truly loves me?" "He'll let you know all about it after the old man goes up stairs. Coodby, sissy, this is my busy day."
P. S.—The girl subsequently married a grocery clerk, who plainly told her when the courtship began that he'd be hanged to by gosh if he'd even precipitate himself down stairs for any woman

One word describes it, "perfection." We re-ter to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures piles

An Accumu ated Dividend The late lamented Samuel W Van Culbrof Philadelphia was tood of lating the following incident of his boyhood experience: His mother placed him with a family

dinner the day after his arrival, he de-

of Friends on a farm in Delaware.

clined turnips, whereupon the Tady of the household, thinking that he was antheipating the desert, said, with a nod toward the center of the table: "If thee doesn't eat turnips thee can't But Samuel's aversion was genuine, and he held out from day to day till, on the seventh day, the just woman said,

"Sammei, I see thee can't eat turnips here is thy pie," as she took from the

cupboard the seven pieces of pie he had

forfaited during the week.

When the was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became him she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria